# CROOKS and THEIR WAYS

## By AN OLD THIEF

## EDWARD W. DUNLAP, alias "Split-the-Wind"



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*Edward W. Dunlap came of a fine southern family and received a good education. Little more than a boy when the civil war broke out, he enlisted in the Union ranks and served with credit. Toward the close he entered the enlistment service, and his criminal career began by the robbery of $4000, for which a provost marshal was unjustly convicted and sentenced.*

(CONTINUED FROM LAST SUNDAY)

### CHAPTER XXIV

**The Remarkable Marriage of Mrs. Bullard**

IN THE previous chapter I spoke of Piano Charlie and his handsome wife. She was not only an extremely well-educated woman, but was also one of the most tasteful of dressers. She knew just what was suitable for the house and what for the street, and she was of the variety to which the term attractive is justly applied.

After Charlie had returned to the United States and received his sentence, Mrs. Bullard resided in Paris. One day, while on a visit to the gallery of the Louvre, she met a handsome elderly gentleman, evidently a Spaniard. Both of them were looking at the same picture, and the gentleman said a few words to her, to which she replied. This led to an acquaintanceship. The gentleman proved to be Senor O——, of both New York and Havana, who, a short time previously, had fallen heir to about $6,000,000. A large amount of this was invested in United States bonds and other gilt-edged securities.

This chance acquaintanceship grew into an intimacy, and a few months after the meeting the pair were married—the Senor, if being quite needless to say, having no knowledge of poor Piano Charlie and his whereabouts. The ceremony was performed by the archbishop of Paris, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Many members of the Spanish embassy were present, and the American bride was given away by the secretary of the American legation. A short time after the wedding, the groom and his bride came to New York. The Senor purchased a splendid residence in the fashionable quarter, and furnished it in palatial style. A year and a half after the marriage, the Senor died, and Mrs. O—— became a wealthy widow, she was the mother of a baby girl. Senor O—— had made a will in which he left the residence and its belongings to his wife. He placed the estate in trust, to be held until the child had reached the age of 20 years. If the girl should die, the entire estate was to revert to her mother. During the mother's life, the sum of $35,000 a year was to be paid, until the daughter reached the age of 18; then $5000 a year additional should be paid to the widow.

One day during the fall of 1885 I met Mrs. Bullard, or Mrs. O——, on Broadway. She never forgot her friends, and liked to meet them and talk about former days. When I met her this time, I had not seen her for a number of years; yet she looked just as handsome as of old. She asked me to come to luncheon with her; and it was while at the table that she told me the story I have just related. She said that, in spite of her very large income, she spent everything that came to her, and that if she had a larger amount, she would spend more. Just before we parted, she asked me how I was fixed. I told her that at that moment, because of the injustice of fate and the wiles of men, I was possessed of $2. She took her purse out of her pocket, turned it upside down on the table, and said she regretted that she could not do better for an old friend in difficulties.

About three years ago, while I was in New York city, an old Tom man, Ike Vail, told me that only a few days before he had met Kate Bullard, and that she had most literally staked him. She is, I believe, still living. I shall only add that she did everything that money could enable her to do for the help and comfort of her former husband, Bullard. He, like the vast majority of the old-timers, has passed away.

### CHAPTER XXV

**Escapes From Sing Sing—Tom Dunn and His Duck**

THE good crook is naturally of an inventive turn of mind. When he is at large, he has difficulty in keeping his attention concentrated on one object for any considerable length of time; for he is essentially a wanderer, mentally as well as corporeally. When in jail, however, his attention is sure to be concentrated, and this concentration, plus his natural inventiveness, occasionally enables him to make an escape from confinement that would seem to the outsider almost impossible.

I have already related my own escape, and that of Red Leary, in the body of my narrative. A very remarkable affair was that of Tom Dunn and his duck, and this shall head the list. If the reader should doubt this remarkable story, I would refer him to a book entitled, "Five Years in Sing Sing," written by the Rev. John Luckey, chaplain of the jail.

Tom Dunn was a "lifer"; that is, he was serving a life sentence for murder. At the time of the escape, he had charge of a stationary engine in the jail. The engine room was in the extreme end of the building, only a few feet from the river. At that time there was no fence along the river front, but that portion of the prison was watched by guards. Three guardhouses were placed so as to command this side. One house was at the extreme north end of the grounds, one about the middle and the third at the extreme southern end. These houses were of brick, and were built upon piles about fifty feet out in the river, and a bridge led to each one. To prevent the bridges from being carried by a rush, each had a draw of about ten feet. This draw was right at the house, and it was raised when the guards were on duty. Each house had two guards, and each guard was armed with a carbine, pistols and a large supply of ammunition.

Tom Dunn never went to mess with his company. His duties as engineer required his services when the engine was shut down for the noon hour. Tom knew that ducks frequented this part of the river, and that a duck would attract no notice. He made a wooden duck and painted it like the usual decoy. To the duck was fastened a piece of garden hose, and bits of iron were used for sinkers. At the noon hour there was only one guard on duty in each house, the others went to dinner.

Tom succeeded in getting overboard during a heavy downpour of rain without being seen by the guards. His head was covered with a hood made of an oil-skin coat, and into this hood led the hose, the other end of which passed up into the duck, only a few feet away. His feet slipped into the weights, which were carried to keep him down. The duck was distended with air, and the weights balanced him nicely. His head was directly under the duck, and was completely hidden from view.

Thus equipped Tom commenced his journey. He was compelled to pass directly in front of a guard-house, and only a few feet away from it. Then he turned shoreward, outside the prison grounds, where there was an old wharf. As he turned around this wharf, it saved him from being seen by the guard when he emerged from the water; so Dunn was a free man and got clean away. In less than a month, however, he was brought back again, having quarreled with a relative, who gave him away and had him arrested.

**The Escape From Sing Sing by Means of a Locomotive**

IN THE spring of 1876, Steve Boyle, Dennie Brady, Charlie Wood and Johnnie Bray escaped. Steve Boyle used to work with Ed Farrell, the burglar, and other good men; he is now dead. Dennie Brady was one of the masked gang that worked so successfully in New York state in the early seventies. He worked with Johnnie Dobbs, Dan Kelly, and other first-class men. He, too, is dead. Wood and Bray I did not know well. These four men captured a locomotive and made their escape.

The tracks of the Hudson River Railroad run directly through the prison grounds, only about fifty feet from the office and the residence of the warden. The nature of the ground is such that a cut is necessary. This cut begins at the north end of the grounds, and finishes a short distance below the south end. In order that the cut may not interfere with the business of the prison, it is arched over for a distance of about 100 feet, and the arch is covered with dirt and sodded. Railroad business compels the use of a big shifting engine between Sing Sing and some points below. The men who escaped were all working as stone-cutters a few feet away from the north end of the arch.

The day of the escape the engine pulled several cars up to Sing Sing, and then came slowly down the track, tender first. Just as it reached the end of the arch, the four men left their work, jumped into the tender, each man armed with a knife, and made a rush for the engineer and fireman, who prudently and immediately jumped from the locomotive. The keeper of the men saw the whole proceeding, but was unable to do anything. Boyle was a stationary engineer by trade, but the result showed that he was ignorant of the locomotive. He took hold of the throttle and pulled it open, and away they sped down the road.

In less than a minute after the escape was made, the office knew of it. Jackson, the state detective stationed at the prison, at once telegraphed to the railroad station. The agent immediately comprehended the situation, and sent a message down the road to open a certain switch and let the engine go into the river.

The switch was open and waiting, but no engine arrived. Boyle had failed to open the watercocks in the cylinders, and, as the engine was carrying a good head of steam, the cylinders filled with water and the head of one of them was blown off. Boyle stopped her, and the men had to leave the locomotive only

"A boat was lowered, and Jack was picked up and taken aboard"

about three miles from jail. A boat was found on the shore at the point at which they stopped, and the men got into the boat, crossed the river, and got away. Boyle was soon captured in New York city; the others got to Philadelphia, where they were recognized, picked up by the coppers and sent back.

**Other Escapes From Sing Sing**

DURING the time that I was clerk of the hall, two escapes took place, one of which was very ingenious. Pat Lavery left one night in a unique manner. Lavery had been in prison about four years, and during nearly this entire period had worked in the bakery. One day he was caught peddling flour and pies, and for punishment was locked in a cell, where he remained for about a week. The head keeper, Connaughton, then placed him in charge of the strawhouse, where the mattresses and pillows were filed. This house was a small frame building, only a few feet away from the north wall of the prison proper. Lavery's cell was on Gallery 12, ground floor, quite a long distance from the north end of the prison, and directly adjoining my cell.

In the strawhouse, Lavery made a headless straw dummy, which, when indifferently glanced at, was a fair imitation of a convict's form. How he ever managed to convey it from the strawhouse to his own cell is a matter of mystery, yet he got it there all right. Just in front of the cell door, at the top, was a shelf. Into the end of this shelf Lavery drove two nails. By means of a cord, he hung the head of dummy up, placing one foot on the stool and the other on the top of the bed. The dummy's arms were raised up. The door was barred; that is, the upper half was barred, and the other half was solid. When the door was shut, the dummy in position looked just like a man standing on the stool and the bed, to get something from the shelf.

After the dummy had been placed in position, Pat went back to the strawhouse, locked its door as usual, crawled under the house, and awaited developments. Mr. Sands, who came to lock up on Tier 12, brought his men in, locked the bar, and commenced to count off. On reaching Lavery's cell, he apparently saw Pat getting something off the shelf, and counted him in at the keyroom. Mr. Sands' count being verified, that official went home.

About half an hour after the prison had been locked up, one of the night guards went around not to do any counting, but merely on a general scout. This guard passed the dummy without suspicion. An old several others, at later periods, but at last one of the guards, having noticed the dummy a second time in this curious attitude, entered the cell and at once discovered the fraud. An alarm was immediately given, and a search was made. A long ladder belonging to the jobbers' shop was found standing against the wall back of the strawhouse, and Lavery had got safely away.

The second escape made while I was up the river was also sensational because all the conditions were favorable, and it was merely necessary for the prisoner to utilize them and walk away. This man was employed in taking care of the dark house on the south boundary. The flasks covered a considerable area directly alongside of the south wall, and were usually placed in piles. About where the men worked was a big gate, and directly above it, on the wall, there was a guard house. From this house the gate was worked, but at this time the gate was not in use, and there was no guard on the wall save at the river end. The guard there could see along both sides of the wall, except the particular area where the flasks were piled.

In some time a few flasks had been lying directly against the gate. By placing a few more on top of these, the prisoner was able to arrange matters so that only the top of the gate remained visible to the guard. As the ground all along the wall and at the gate was soft, it required only a few minutes to dig a passage under the gate. This the man did rapidly; and, by watching the movements of the guard, he took advantage of a favorable moment, got out under the gate, and was free.

He got clean away, and reached Detroit. While there, he was arrested for another job and sent to jail; and while in durance, he unburdened himself to a tramp about the escape. This man lost no time in "tipping" the police, who sent the escaped prisoner back to Sing Sing.

### CHAPTER XXVI

**The Remarkable Escapes of "Curley" Harris**

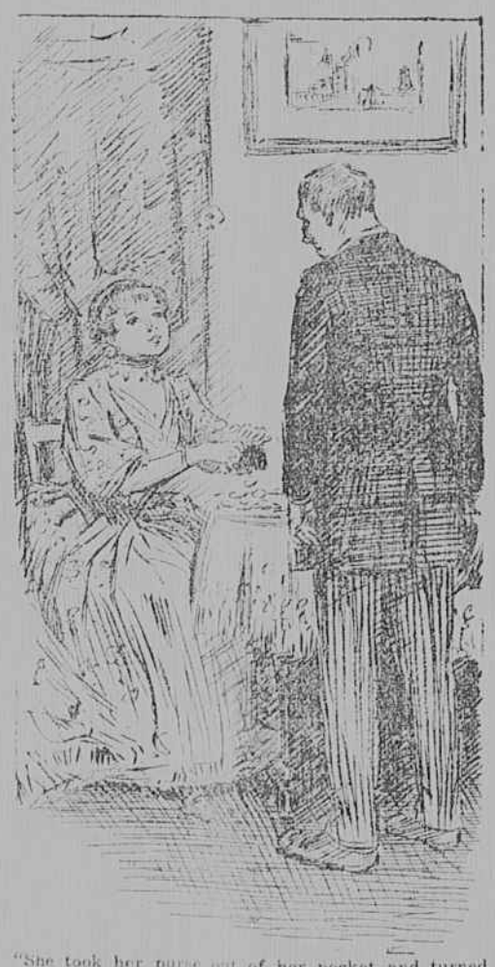
"CURLEY" HARRIS' real name was William Hague. He was a Philadelphia Jew, a desperate individual, who had killed his man, and was by profession a burglar and hotel thief. He was arrested for a sensational robbery. Hughey Dougherty, the well-known negro-minstrel, was filling an engagement at Carncross' Minstrels, on Eleventh street. Hughey was a good fellow and was known by sight to all the crooks and gamblers of Philadelphia. Not that he was their personal friend, but he went to numerous places where they were sure to see him, and he had a speaking acquaintance with many.

One night Hughey strolled into a "drum" in the basement of the southeast corner of Eighth and Walnut streets, an establishment kept by Harry Rogers. There he found a few of the "mob" sitting about the place, and invited them to have a drink. After treating several times, he started to leave the drum, when he was assaulted by Jimmie Elliott, Brummagen Bill, Curley Harris, and Martin Lyman. Elliott was a heavyweight pugilist, and on one occasion had fought John L. Sullivan. Elliott strung Dougherty up, while the rest of the mob relieved him of his valuables, consisting of a fine watch, $200 in money and a diamond pin worth $600.

When Dougherty recovered from the stupor into which he had been thrown by the assault, he went to headquarters, reported his loss, and named his assailants. After the assault, the money was split up among the thieves, and they separated. Lyman went home, Harris went to New York, and Elliott and Brummagen Bill remained together and visited a number of beer saloons until they got fighting drunk. At the corner of Tenth and Market streets, they met a policeman and grossly insulted him. He knew Elliott, and, seeing the condition he was in, advised him to go home and take Bill with him. Elliott, however, struck the policeman, who immediately rapped for assistance. Several policemen and private watchmen responded, and Elliott and Bill were severely beaten and taken to headquarters. On searching the prisoners at the station house, the sergeant found that Elliott had Dougherty's pin, watch and chain. A tremendous effort was made by politicians to save these men, but Dougherty would listen to no appeal. Elliott was sent to the penitentiary for fifteen years, and Bill for ten. Squire M— did succeed in saving Lyman from prosecution.

Harris was still at large. From New York he went to Pittsburgh, where he was picked up. Chief Thompson, of Philadelphia, was notified of the arrest and, accompanied by Detective Eddie Tryon, went to Pittsburgh to bring Harris to Philadelphia. It so happened that at this time the Philadelphia police had a man who was wanted in Pittsburgh; so, when Thompson and Tryon started east with Harris, two Pittsburgh officers came with them in order to get their man from Philadelphia. It will thus be seen that Harris was in the custody of four officers.

The train was the night express. When it had left Latrobe, Harris requested permission to go to the closet. Tryon unlocked one cuff, leaving the pair hanging to the left wrist. Tryon went with Harris to the closet, allowed him to pass in, and shut the door after him. In less than two minutes, Tryon opened the door and looked in, but Harris had disappeared. He had jumped from the window of a train moving at fifty miles an hour. He subsequently told me that he had opened the window and got out feet first, clung to the sill, given himself a swing; let go, and in a



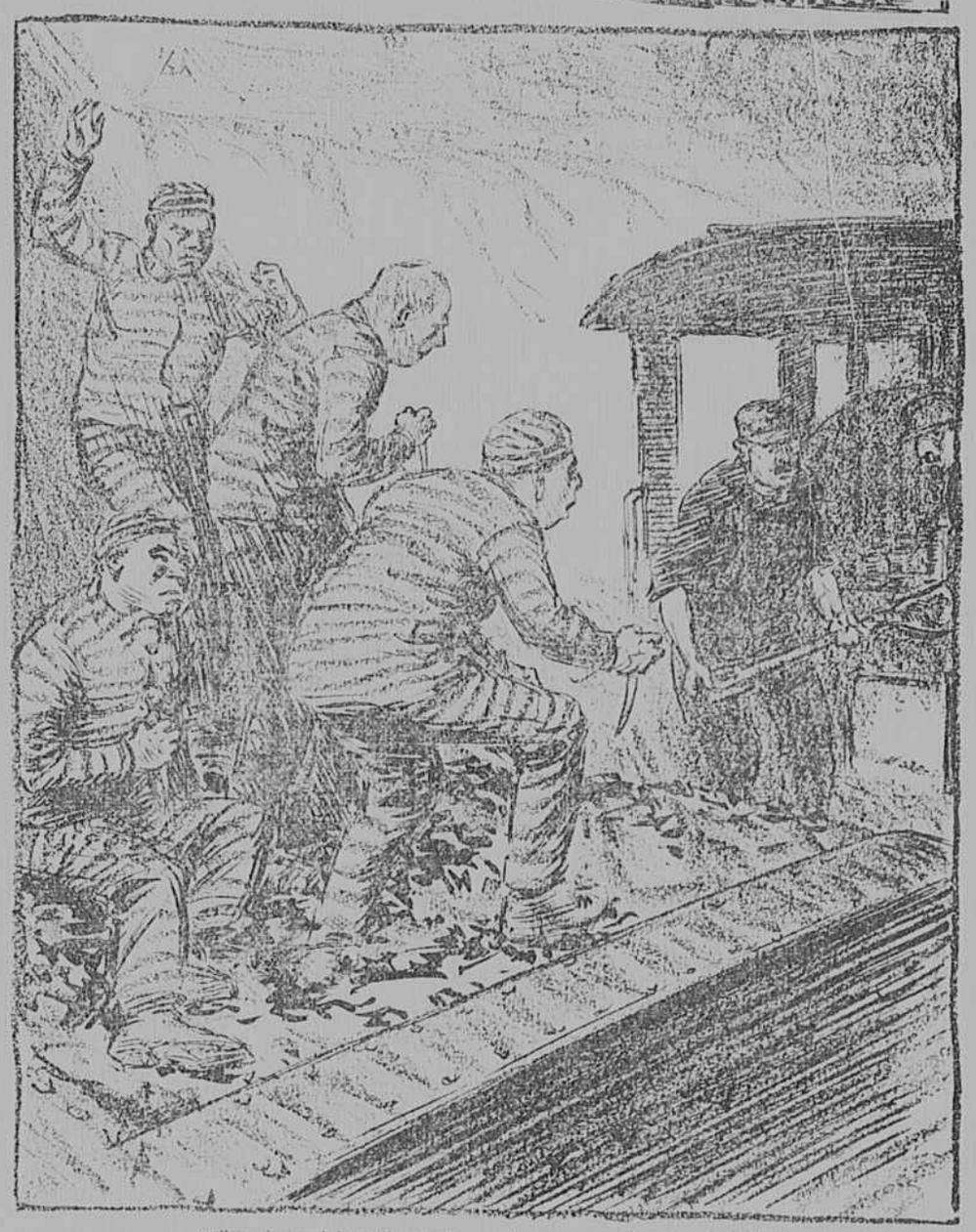
"She took her purse out of her pocket and turned it upside down on the table"

second found himself in a mud ditch, into which his hand had gone deep. He was not seriously injured. No attempt was ever made to rearrest him. Dougherty said: "Let him go. Since that escape, he deserves his liberty." Harris afterward murdered a pal of his, Big Tom Riley, at Eighth and Sansom streets, Philadelphia, and was sent to prison for ten years.

**Harris' Other Escape**

One night while Harris was trying to graft on one of the Sound steamers, he was detected and arrested; but as he had not yet obtained any booty and had only attempted to steal, he was released. Believing that he would be arrested and identified when the boat reached New York, he made up his mind to get away. There was but one possible route, which was overboard; so overboard he went.

As the big steamer was making her way down the East river, having just passed the Brooklyn bridge, she came close to a tugboat. Harris, thinking that he would be picked up, jumped overboard. He was a good swimmer and made for the tug, and he was picked up and taken aboard. He dried his clothes, distributed all he had about him ($12 or $15), and was taken ashore safe and sound.



"They jumped into the tender, each man armed with a knife"

### CHAPTER XXVII

**Three Other Interesting Escapes—Another Watery Escape**

FOR a long time Jack Strawn and his wife were "badgers," and were among the most capable in the business. As they were both of an industrious turn, they worked winter and summer, on land and on water. The sound steamers were always a profitable field for a really good badger woman, and this pair often worked them. On one occasion, Jack and his wife took passage on the Bristol. Mrs. Strawn secured a stateroom, and during the evening she went to work, but did not land a sucker until about 10 o'clock. There was only one way to work the badge on these boats; this was for the man to hide under the bottom bunk, and, when the woman said: "All right," to crawl out and go through the sucker's clothes.

On the night of which I speak, Jack went to the stateroom, partly disrobed, and, placing his clothes in the top bunk, crawled underneath the lower bunk. When Mrs. Strawn and her friend came in and she had given the arranged signal, Jack crawled out, but, while going through the man's apparel, he got a bad tumble. In fact, the man saw Jack; Mrs. Strawn having been unable to keep his attention. For a short time after discovery she held him by main force. Jack opened the back door of the stateroom and, without the slightest hesitation, leaped overboard, and this when the boat was far from land.

Strawn was a big, powerful man and a lusty swimmer. He swam along for at least an hour, when he saw lights that seemed to come from a sailing vessel approaching him. He made toward them, and shortly was within hailing distance. He shouted a number of time before being heard, but was finally answered. The boat, which was a schooner, lufted, a boat was lowered, and Jack was picked up and taken aboard. He told the captain that he had accidentally fallen overboard. Clothing was furnished him, and he was carried back to New York.

Mrs. Strawn was arrested at once. She believed that Jack had committed suicide sooner than go to prison, and her grief was great, and obvious to all. She was allowed to go without being prosecuted, and when she arrived at home, Jack was there waiting for her.

**Johnnie Curtin's Escape From the Courtroom at Sixth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia**

JOHNNIE CURTIN was, par excellence, a crook—a crook from top to toe. Nature had so ordered it, and he had improved upon her handicraft. He was a fine-looking young man and an elegant dresser, and could ribble an iron plate with his tongue. Being educated and cultured, he was a dangerous individual for any honest man to go up against. Curtin was a pennyweighter (jewelry thief), and he confined his attention chiefly to diamonds. For some time, he and Ned McGee worked together and stole thousands of dollars' worth of gems on several occasions they beat the best-barred houses in the United States to get ahead of those of Theodore B. Starr and Tiffany, in New York.

One day, while in Philadelphia, Curtin and McGee paid a visit to a diamond broker whose office was in the second story of a house on Chestnut street. Curtin, of course, did the talking, which he conducted with finish and elaborate flourishes. While he was doing it, McGee got away with $1500 worth of unset stones.

The broker discovered his loss shortly after the departure of the two, and at once reported it to headquarters. On principle, Curtin did not believe in paying a percentage to coppers; hence, he was soon collared, being taken into custody by old Ben Levy, the Sheeny detective from headquarters. He was placed under heavy bail. This he could have secured, if the authorities had been easy; but the coppers were bound to settle him, because he was no good to them, and was consequently, as they stated it, a menace to the community. McGee was also pinched, but he got out; for Ned was a liberal man and always gave up, maintaining that this was the only proper policy.

As they had Curtin dead to rights, he pleaded guilty and was remanded for sentence. A few days afterward he was brought into court and placed in the dock with several others. The dock was guarded by two tipstaves. The day was very warm, and only a few persons were present. Just before the court convened, one of the tipstaves went away. Suddenly Curtin jumped over the rail of the dock, bounded up over the benches, made for an open window in the rear of the room, reached it, and jumped out. The tipstaff was right after him, and so were several other court officers, but Curtin was too quick for them. The window was about twelve feet from the ground, and near it was an iron fence with spikes. Curtin escaped impaling himself on these pikes by a mere fraction of a foot; rose to his feet, and ran out into Sixth street. He got away, all right, and went to London, England, where he was soon sent up for six months. I have never seen him since he left the United States.

**How We Took Jimmie Haggerty Away From the Warden of the Eastern Penitentiary**

ABOUT the middle of the sixties, Jimmy Haggerty, burglar, was sent to the Eastern Penitentiary, in Philadelphia, for ten years. After he had been there a couple of years, his sister, Mrs. Jimmie Hope, succeeded in persuading Simon Cameron, then United States senator from Pennsylvania, and one of the most prominent politicians in America, to take an interest in the imprisoned thief. Cameron induced the governor to issue a conditional pardon, the condition being that Haggerty should remain beyond the jurisdiction of the state of Pennsylvania during the time specified in the sentence. Haggerty went to New York, and remained there for a considerable period.

At this time, Charlie Brooke, an extremely able lawyer, who afterward went to New York city, was practicing at the Philadelphia bar, and was a prominent member of the quarter sessions ring. He had several times before fought cases for Haggerty, and now he was asked to try to render null and void the conditional element in the pardon. Brooke went into the matter with pleasure and interest. He examined with the utmost care every law that could, by any manner of interpretation, possibly have any bearing upon the case, and he could find nothing that in any way warranted the governor in first pardoning a man and then banishing him from the state. This opinion was concurred in by the most eminent criminal lawyer, Lewis C. Cassidy, who was afterward attorney general of Pennsylvania.

When the opinion of these two great authorities was made known to Haggerty, he at once returned to Philadelphia. If he had kept quiet and behaved himself, no notice would have been taken of his return; but this he seemed unable to do. He first beat a policeman ferociously. This was squared by a financial consideration. Then he nearly killed a hack driver, and had various other troubles. The attention of the attorney general of the state was called to Haggerty's presence in Philadelphia, and that official ordered that the burglar be arrested and turned over to the warden of the Eastern Penitentiary.

Brooke got a stay from the district court, and Judge Grier set a day for hearing the case. The case for the commonwealth was argued by the attorney general, while Haggerty was represented by Cassidy and Brooke. This case attracted universal attention, and the courtroom was densely packed. The opinion of the court was in favor of the commonwealth, and the sheriff was directed to deliver Haggerty into the custody of Michael Cassidy, warden of the penitentiary.

In order to effect the transfer, it was necessary that Haggerty be brought before one of the quarter sessions judges. As soon as his friends learned that he was to be sent back to the penitentiary, a meeting of them was held at John B.'s, at the corner of Eleventh and Sansom streets, and it was decided that an attempt should be made to take Haggerty away from the warden. The next morning about 10 o'clock Haggerty was brought into court by Sheriff Peter Lyle. Soon afterward Judge Allison read the order from the district court, and the prisoner was given into the charge of Mike Cassidy and two deputies. A hack was waiting for them at the Sixth street entrance to the courthouse.

When the warden came from the courtroom into the corridor, he had to pass through a considerable crowd of people, and he was soon surrounded and hustled, elbowed and pushed. Up went several umbrellas; off went Mr. Cassidy's hat, and although no blows were struck, Haggerty got away in the general mix-up. He crossed Chestnut street, ran through the American Hotel, emerged from the rear end of this building, got into a hack, reached the depot, and went straight to New York. He had had enough of Philadelphia for some time. When he did come back, it was in a box, for he had been done to death by Roddy the Blacksmith, in New York city. At the time of his escape in the corridor, a number of persons saw what was going on, but no one interfered. There were no shots, and no fight; only laughter and the sounds of scuffling feet.

Jimmie Haggerty was not only a crook, but a bad man. He was a desperado of the most ferocious type. He was brutal, bloodthirsty and murderous—a hard man to work with; because his temper would get the best of him, and he would quarrel furiously with his closest friends. He might try to kill a man in an open fight; he might try to stab him in the back. On one occasion, in a fight, he bit off a large chunk of Ed Lyons' ear. He was, altogether and in every respect, a decidedly bad man.

Everybody in Philadelphia knew of these qualities; and yet, strange to say, he had one of the most imposing funerals ever known in the city. The casket was fit for an emperor; the horse was drawn by four magnificent black horses, and was adorned with nodding plumes; Beck's celebrated brass band played a dirge along the line of march; the cortege was over a mile in length; and thousands of citizens assembled to witness the obsequies. This was Haggerty laid to rest, and every citizen had a right to feel more comfortable when he was covered up. Not a few men in the community breathed more freely, because they knew that a menace to their lives had been removed when Haggerty returned to clay.

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY)